Wm. W. Parker

THE SUNDRE STAMPEDE

What a colorful scene--red 'kerchiefs everywhere, cowboys in sheepskin chaps, Indians in large blankets, tepees of hides--for miles they had come, from Rocky Mountain House, from Olds, from Calgary, everyone west of the Little Red and everyone west of the Big Red. There were riders, drivers, cattlemen, horse owners, ranchers of all kinds, dancers too and spectators.

Yes, they were all there, cowboys in high-heeled boots, from the Hagen ranch, others from Lobley's, Miller's and Hendry's,--each with his favorite pony in finest gear and saddle. Oh, yes, there were moose hunters amongst them, and there were lumberjacks. Even the storekeepers in the little town of Sundre wore gay 'kerchiefs around their necks and broad-brimmed cowpuncher hats. Brands of all the cattlemen appeared as a way of decorating the town. It was the annual event of the year at Sundre. There was to be a big dance so the hall was already open and the music was prepared.

But let's see what is the fun waiting for us at the grandstand as the chuckwagons line up for the race. The horses are harnessed by the nimblest fingers, then each team is hitched to its wagon in record time and then away they go!

Next comes the calf roping, with all thrills of speed and good lariat throwing. Following this was the wild cow milking contest. And then came the steer decorating, after which there was wold broncho riding enough to satisfy any-

one. Each item included thrills and spills a plenty. Some of the Indians took part in the competitions and enjoyed all the excitement as much as their white brothers, though they didn't very often show it outwardly.

Now a rider from the Bearberry is astride a horse in chute number three, but in a few seconds he is off, having turned an air sommersault to the ground, landing with a thump. Next a young cowboy from James River shows his mettle, riding a rough bucking pinto. But it isn't long until he is taken from his mount by two friendly cowboys. Away gallops the pinto still kicking its heels high into the air. A lad from Eagle Valley next competes for riding laurels and he turns in a fine record.

The flat west of the Red Deer River for a mile from the bridge is full of action. Cattle are being brought into the pens from nearby ranch pastures. Managers and their helpers shout to each other. Everyone seems to just naturally fit into a saddle at Sundre.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY from YESTERDAY

"Bumpity bump, bumpity bump!" went the muskeg rattler into the new homestead country northwest of Edmonton. "Bumptiy bump, bumpity bump!" On into the woods it rambled. Bush to the right and bush to the left. "Puff, puff, puff!" forward moved the little engine, pulling its odd little string of freight cars and single coach behind it. Over the rails it crept slowly, wheezing as if ailing from some chest trouble. There was no ballast yet and the ties falttened down into the soft mud quickly, rising as if from

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